

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mitcheefes.

Exeunt

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army. Titinius
and Pindarus meete them.*

Brut. Stand ho.

Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand.

Brut. What now *Lucillius*, is *Cassius* nere?

Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

Brut. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Brut. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiu'd you: let me be resolu'd.

Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath vs'd of old.

Brut. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note *Lucillius*,
When Loue begins to ficken and decay
It vsesh an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades
Sink in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter *Cassius* and his Powers.

Brut. Hearke, he is arriu'd:
March gently on to meete him.

Cass. Stand ho.

Brut. Stand ho, speake the word along.

Stand.

Stand.

Stand.

Cass. Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.
Brut. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cass. *Brutus*, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

Brut. *Cassius*, be content,
Speake your griefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Griefes,
And I will giue you Audience.

Cass. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Brut. *Lucillius*, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore.

Exeunt

Manet *Brutus* and *Cassius*.

Cass. That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Brut. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.
Cass. In such a time as this, it is not meete
That euery nice offence should beare his Comment.

Brut. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vndeseruers.

Cass. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Brut. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cass. Chastisement?

Brut. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Iulius* bleed for Iustice sake?

What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,
That stricke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?

And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman.

Cass. *Brutus*, baite not me,
He not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Brut. Go too: you are not *Cassius*.

Cass. I am.

Brut. I say, you are not.

Cass. Vrge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Brut. Away slight man.

Cass. Is't possible?

Brut. Heare me, for I will speake.

Must I giue way, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cass. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?
Brut. All this? I: Fret till your proud hart break.

Go shew your Slaue how Chollericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch
Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
He vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.

Cass. Is it come to this?

Brut. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. I will be glad to learne of N.

Cass. You wrong me euery way
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

Brut. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When *Caesar* liu'd, he durst not thus haue mou'd
Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him.

(me)

Cass.

Cass. I durst not.

Brut. No.

Cass. What? durst not tempt him?

Brut. For your life you durst not.

Cass. Do not presume too much vpon my Loue,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brut. You haue done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats:

For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,
That they passe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile meanes:

By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,

Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I haue answer'd *Cains Cassius* so?

When *Marcus Brutus* growes so Cauerous,
To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to peeces.

Cass. I deny'd you not.

Brut. You did.

Cass. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart:

A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

Brut. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cass. You loue me not.

Brut. I do not like your faults.

Cass. A friendly eye could neuer see such faults.

Brut. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,
Revenge your selues alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:

Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obseru'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by rote
To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe

My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And heere my naked Breast: Within, a Heart
Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine, Richer then Gold:

If that thou bee't a Roman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:

Strike as thou did'st at *Caesar*: For I know,
When thou did'st hate him worst, thou loued'st him better

Then euer thou loued'st *Cassius*.

Brut. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope:
Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.

O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Plint beares fire,
Who much inforced, shewes a haffie Sparke,
And strait is cold agen.

Cass. Hath *Cassius* liu'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cass. Do you confesse so much? Giue me your hand.

Brut. And my heart too.

Cass. O *Brutus*!

Brut. What's the matter?

Cass. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me
Makes me forgetfull.

Brut. Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are ouer-earnest with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betwene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.

Lucil. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cass. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you meane?
Loue, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,
For I haue seene more yeeeres I me sure then yee.

Cass. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?
Brut. Get you hence sirra: Sawey fellow, hence.

Cass. Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Brut. He know his humor, when he knowes his time:
What should the Warres do with these liggig Fooles?
Companion, hence.

Cass. Away, away be gone. Exit *Poet*
Brut. *Lucillius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cass. And come your selues, & bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to vs.

Brut. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.

Cass. I did not thinke you could haue bin so angry.

Brut. O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many griefes.

Cass. Of your Philofophy you make no vse,
If you giue place to accidentall euils.

Brut. No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Cass. Ha? *Portia*?

Brut. She is dead.

Cass. How seap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable, and touching losse!
Vpon what sicknesse?

Brut. Impatient of my absence,
And greefe, that yong *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Haue made themselves so strong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cass. And dy'd so?

Brut. Euen so.

Cass. O ye immortall Gods!

Enter *Boy* with Wine, and Tapers.

Brut. Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all unkindnesse *Cassius*.

Cass. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.

Enter *Titinius* and *Messala*.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Messala*:
Now sit we close about this Taper heere,
And call in question our necessities.

Cass. *Portia*, art thou gone?

Brut. No more I pray you.
Messala, I haue heere receiued Letters,
That yong *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.